

THE
COLLEGIAN;
OR,
AMERICAN STUDENTS' MAGAZINE.

Καθαραν ανοιξαντι Κληιδα φρενων.

Disclosing the bright key of the mind....EURIPIDES.

No. II.]

FEBRUARY, 1819.

[Vol. I.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF COMMODORE DECATUR.

La Rochelle in France was the native place of the grandfather of the person, the principal incidents of whose life I shall with brevity record. Circumstances of a peculiar nature occasioned his grandfather's emigration to the new world. He married a lady of Newport, in Rhode Island; the fruit of this matrimonial union was a son, who was bred a tar, was master of a mercantile vessel of Philadelphia, until the occurrence of a naval establishment, when he received a commission from the government of the United States, appointing him to the command of the sloop of war Delaware; the command of the frigate Philadelphia was subsequently given him. On the signature of a pacific treaty with France, he resigned his commission, and returned to a villa in the vicinity of "Penn's famous city." The daughter of a Hibernian, of the name of Pine, attracted the attention, and gained the affection, of the captain; he led the nymph of his choice to the hymeneal altar, and in due time was blessed with a son, born on the 5th of January of 1779, on the eastern shore of Maryland. The achievements of his offspring are triumphantly recorded in the history of his country, and in the strains of her minstrels; the name of this DECATUR is deservedly inscribed on the roll of fame. He was educated in Philadelphia, and entered the navy as a mid-

shipman in March of 1798. He continued in the United States frigate, under the command of Barry, till promoted to a lieutenantcy. While the United States frigate was undergoing essential repairs, Decatur, disdaining an inactive life, entered on board the brig Norfolk, and went to cruise on the Spanish Main. On the re-equipment of the United States, he resumed his station on board that frigate, but was shortly after appointed first lieutenant of the Essex, and sailed with Dale's squadron to the Mediterranean sea. On this squadron's return he was ordered on board the New-York, and sailed with Morris's squadron on the same destination. Returning to his native country, he received instructions from the naval department to take command of the Argus, and join Preble's squadron in the Mediterranean sea; and on his arrival there to resign his command to lieutenant Hull, and assume the command of the Enterprize.

Few officers have been more scrupulously tenacious of obeying their instructions than Decatur; I know of none better acquainted with the Mediterranean sea. Having exchanged vessels, he proceeded to Syracuse, the rendezvous of the squadron. He was there informed that the Philadelphia frigate, antecedently commanded by his father, had unfortunately run aground on the coast of Barbary, and was in possession of the Tripolitans. Ardent to distinguish himself in the service of his country, and to render the

vessel a Decatur commanded useless to the enemies of the North American republic, the lieutenant earnestly entreated Preble to be permitted to attempt her recapture, or her destruction by conflagration. A few weeks previously, having captured from the enemy a ketch, he manned it with seventy volunteers of his own crew, named it the *Intrepid*, and commenced his hazardous career. Accompanying the *Intrepid* was the brig *Syren*, despatched by Preble to assist Decatur with her boats, should this officer deem it necessary to employ the ketch as a fire vessel.

Immortal fame, and the applause of nations, is considerably appendant on the successful result of the primitive steps men take on the public stages of this terrestrial theatre; unhappy is he who fails in the first enterprize of a public nature, he proposes, urges, and, by dint of pertinacious solicitation, he at length obtains the consent of his chief to endeavour the accomplishment; for, however great may be his talents, they will be subsequently underrated by his superiors, equals, and inferiors in rank; even his subordinates in station, and in knowledge, will ridicule his aspirations, because opportunity has not been afforded them of demonstrating how incomparatively more absurd they would have deported themselves in the affair in which the fortune of war had been unfavourable to an intellectual and gallant man, and it is generally long before any important charge is again confided to such.

Fifteen days consecutively of tempest retarded the arrival of the lieutenant and the bold adventurers at their place of destination. It was eight o'clock of the night of the 16th of February, 1804, when the storm-tost ketch, bearing Decatur and his fortune, entered the harbour of Tripoli. A change of wind had driven the *Syren* from the harbour. To delay till the beams of the rising sun of the morrow discovered their designs, was to advertise the Tripolitans, and occasion the failure of the enterprize. He

encouraged his men; they replied, they were ready to die in the cause in which they had embarked; he had but to order, they would obey, or perish in the attempt. The *Philadelphia* was moored within half gun shot of the bashaw's castle, and about the same distance from the strongest battery of Tripoli. Two Barbarian cruisers were within two cables length, their gun-boats within half gun shot. The guns of the *Philadelphia* were mounted and loaded. How perilous an attempt for the seventy associates in the ketch! Genius has conquered obstacles apparently insurmountable. Sceptres, crowns, empires, have been won by intrepidity and address. When they approached within two hundred yards of the frigate they were discovered! and commanded in an absolute tone to cast anchor immediately, or they should be fired into. This was a critical moment. A Maltese pilot in the ketch was ordered to answer the peremptory summons; "we have lost our anchors in a gale of wind on the coast and therefore are unable to obey the order." The ketch approached the frigate. There was a perfect calm. Decatur desired some persons in a boat alongside to fasten a rope which he gave them to the frigate's fore-chains, which was done. Then the Tripolitans were apprehensive of the inimicable nature of the intended visit, and confusion ensued on board the *Philadelphia*. Decatur was the first who sprang on her deck; he was immediately followed by Charles Morris, a midshipman. They stood two minutes on the deck before their fellow tars had mounted the side. Astonishment absorbed the faculties of the far more numerous Mussulmen; they huddled together on the quarter-deck, and did not even attempt to repel the Christians. As soon as Decatur could present a front of men equal to the enemy, he gave the order for assault. The Americans furiously attacked the Tripolitans; twenty were instantaneously slain; many precipitated themselves into the water; the residue

fled in disorder to the main deck ; they were pursued and driven to the hold. Many vessels were observed rowing about the harbour. Decatur thought he could more effectually defend himself in the frigate. The batteries and castle of Tripoli opened their fires upon him. The Barbarian corsairs were unsparing of their shot. No enemy approached. He set fire to the frigate. It was soon completely enveloped in flames. Its blaze was the light of Decatur's glory. An auspicious breeze blowing directly from the land soon bore them beyond the range of the Tripolitan guns. No American life was lost in the engagement. Four were wounded.

The national representatives thanked Decatur for his romantic exploit. They voted him a splendid sword. He was raised to the rank of post-captain.

Encouraged by the achievement, of Stephen Decatur, an attack on the city of Tripoli was determined. In the spring, Preble obtained from the Neapolitan king a loan of bombards, and gun boats. They were formed into two divisions. Decatur commanded one, a lieutenant the other. The American squadron consisted of

Frigate Constitution.

Brig Syren.

Schooners } Nautilus, and
 } Vixen.

Six Gun Boats, and

Two Bombards.

They sailed from Syracuse on the morning of August 3d of 1804. The signal for the bombardment being made, Decatur's gun boats advanced in line. At the mouth of the harbour, under the protection, and within musket shot of the batteries, were moored the enemy's gun boats ; stripped of their sails, the bashaw's orders to their commanders were, 'sink rather than resign the position I have assigned you.'

Decatur caused his boats to unship their bowsprits, and follow where he led. From the enemies' batteries and gunboats a tremendous fire was opened on him, which he returned, and ran alongside of the former. Preble observing his perilous situation,

would have hoisted the signal for retreat, but it had been omitted. Our boats contained a complement of men equal to the Barbarians, twenty-seven being Americans, thirteen Neapolitans. Decatur was the first to board. He was immediately followed by the American tars. The Neapolitans pusillanimously remained in the boat. In ten minutes he cleared their decks. The followers of Mahommed, believing in predestination, usually combat with intrepidity, declaring that they cannot be slain before the hour appointed by Allah, and imagining that the joys of their sensual paradise will infinitely recompense those who are killed in attempting to destroy those who despise their theological opinions. They had learnt to respect the dauntless courage of the commander of our gunboats, and were constrained to bite their decks before the renowned seamen of the Great Republic. James Decatur, a lieutenant commanding one of the boats of the second division, being separated from it, obeyed the orders of his brother. He captured one of the enemy's vessels ; after surrendering, the treacherous Mussulman captain assassinated him. Intelligence of this event was brought to the captain ; he relinquished his prize, vowing vengeance on the murderer of his gallant brother. In his single boat he broke through the enemy's line, came in contact with the retiring foe, boarded her at the head of eleven men ; the rest of his comrades had been slain or wounded. The Tripolitans fought with fury, expecting no quarter. For twenty minutes the contest was dubious. But four Americans were left to contend against a comparative host. Decatur wielding a cutlass, selected the murderer of his brother, who was armed with a spear—they fought—the cutlass broke at its hilt :

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt.
Yet strain'd within the vengeful hand
Which quiver'd round that faithless
brand.

BYRON.

stood our champion, wounded in the

right arm and breast. He seized the infidel, and grappled—both fell—the murderer with his back on the gory deck; he drew a dagger from his belt and raised it; having taken a pistol from his pocket at that instant, Decatur's bullet pierced the heart of his brother's murderer. Now the crews from several of our gunboats leaped on board to rescue their chiefs; a dreadful contest ensued; and it was with difficulty their captain extricated himself from the bleeding and the dead heaped around him. Decatur bore his prizes to the squadron.

The United States having entered into a treaty of peace with the bashaw of Tripoli, the hero returned to his country.

On the 25th of October of 1812, he encountered his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Macedonian*, commanded by Carden, a valiant officer, mounting 49 carriage guns. She surrendered after a gallant resistance, having lost 36 of her men, and 68 being wounded. The United States frigate had but 4 killed and 7 wounded. Carden having struck the British flag to the star-studded ensign, came on board our frigate to deliver up his sword. "I cannot think," replied the magnanimous American, "of taking the sword of an officer who has so gallantly defended his ship—I shall be happy to take Captain Carden by the hand."

The command of the President being given to Decatur, in January of 1815, two British vessels of war, of greatly superior force, encountered him after he had sustained considerable damage by a contest with a ship mounting 51 twenty-four pounders, two others within gun shot. Impelled by motives of humanity Decatur made the signal of surrender.

On the 22d of February commodore Decatur arrived at New-London from Bermuda. On landing, the Connecticutians greeted him with loud acclamations. In testimony of their opinion of his valour, they drew him in a carriage through the streets of New-London, amidst the shouts of many thousand citizens. In the even-

ing of the same day, a ball was given to celebrate the termination of hostilities, and the anniversary of Washington's birth. Decatur and 40 officers of the British squadron attended. He married Miss Wheeler, of Norfolk, a handsome and accomplished lady, who was previously denominated the *Beauty of Norfolk*. Thus has Stephen Decatur entwined the laurels of glory with the wreaths of Hymen. Ever thus may the smiles of the fair reward the heroes of Columbia!

MEMOIR OF GENERAL MIRANDA.

SIR,

The superlatively important transactions which are diurnally occurring in the sister continent, are of a character peculiarly interesting to the citizens of the United States. The question to be determined is, *whether South America shall remain in bondage to the long-endured and cruelly exercised despotism of Spain; or, whether she shall trample on the iron fetters of slavery, and succeed in establishing her Liberty and National Independence?* The question of her fate is to be decided by the sanguinary sword. The condition of millions is involved. It is impossible for any one to contemplate the situation, or ponder on the exertions of the inhabitants of the most fertile and opulent portion of the New World, without feeling a sensation of awe on calculating the magnitude of the objects at stake. It is not my present intention to discuss the probability or improbability of the attainment of the ultimate guerdon for which they are combatting; already has it occupied much of the valuable time, and called forth much of the fire, energy, ability of senatorial eloquence, and elaborate periods from various pens. I shall therefore confine myself to giving some sketches of the principles and motives which influenced the *primum mobile*: THE PROJECTOR OF SOUTH AMERICAN EMANCIPATION.

MIRANDA was the first native of conspicuous rank and distinction, who

primitively conceived the possibility of effecting this desideratum, and who devoted himself to the endeavour of its accomplishment.

At the termination of the revolutionary war which rendered the United States of North America free and independent; he contrasted the oppressed and miserable condition of his country, with the noble attitude and superior situation of ours, and magnanimously determined to exert every faculty he possessed to ameliorate the lot to which his brethren had been doomed by the avarice and cruelty of Spain.

Miranda had served several years in the Spanish service, and was remarkable for his abilities as a tactician, for his skill in fortifications, his judgment, equanimity of mind under the most deplorable circumstances in warfare, for his cool intrepidity, and conciliating disposition; and had he continued in the service of Spain, would undoubtedly have been elevated to the highest military rank; as it was, he attained the commission of Lieutenant Colonel, without any solicitation on his part. But the North American revolution occasioned him to reflect on the injustice, cruelty, and arrogance of Spain, in pretending to the exclusive sovereignty of the rich provinces of South America; and so highly was his indignation excited, that after having visited the United States, he sent in his resignation to the Spanish minister Count Florida Blanca in 1785. He then commenced the tour of Europe, and travelled through Germany, Italy, Greece, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. In 1790, he went to London, and was introduced to William Pitt by Governor Pownall. To the British premier, Miranda communicated his plan for the accomplishment of the independence of South America, at a period when the Courts of St. James and Madrid were disputing, more particularly on the subject of Nootka Sound; and the plan was seriously heard and debated in the British cabinet; but when the differences respecting Nootka Sound were pacifically

adjusted, he saw no prospect of being able to obtain the assistance and co-operation of Great Britain in his country's favour; and quitted London for Paris in 1792. His military genius and knowledge soon attracted the attention of some of the most noted leaders of the French revolution; and particularly Petion used his influence to procure Miranda's nomination to an important command in the French army under General Dumouriez, which he accepted. Shortly after the government of the French part of the island of St. Domingo becoming vacant, Jean Baptiste Brissot urgently requested him to accept it, with the view of occasioning the emancipation of South America from monarchical control. He wrote to Miranda: "You alone appear to me fit for the direction of this enterprize. Your name and your talents guarantee its success. I have laid open my views to all the ministers, and they are penetrated with their importance. The moment is grand; if we permit it to pass, it may never return." Miranda considerably replied, "that he was a stranger to the state of St. Domingo, and consequently unqualified for the responsible office of its governor;" concluding his letter by reference to Dumouriez, who was on the point of proceeding to the metropolis. As general of division, Miranda made the campaigns of 1792 and '93, at the period when the Prussians invaded Champagne; he shared the honour of driving the allies from the soil of France, and of conquering the Austrian Low Countries; but the failure of the blockade of Maestricht, and the defeat of the French at the battle of Neerwinden, where he commanded the left wing, exposed him to the loss of the public esteem, as Dumouriez had unjustly sought to exculpate his own misconduct, by criminalizing his coadjutor; though it is an indisputable fact, that the left wing suffered severely, and fought gallantly at the battle of Neerwinden. Champag-neux says, "He was considered as an accomplice of Dumouriez, and was brought before the revolutionary tri-

bunal. That monstrous institution was then in its infancy, and still preserved some of the forms which protect innocence and virtue. Miranda's case was debated during eleven sittings. The public, at first prejudiced against him, soon became extremely interested in his behalf. His rule was to make each witness for the prosecution undergo a cross examination, which ended almost always in favour of the prisoner. He was acquitted by the unanimous voice of the judges, each member of the court passing a eulogy on him; and this general, for whose head the people had been clamouring some days before, was carried to his house in triumph. But Miranda's victory was a transient pleasure. Shortly after his emancipation, he retired to a villa in the vicinity of Paris, and being passionately fond of the Arts, he delighted in displaying a valuable collection of statues, busts, and ancient paintings, which he had obtained in the course of his travels; when at the instigation of the envious Pache, he was suddenly arrested and sent under a military guard to the Commune of Paris, from whence he was discharged, but again arrested on a frivolous pretext, and confined in the prison of La Force; the real reason for such conduct towards him in all probability arose from the contempt he universally expressed for Robespierre, Danton, Collot, Barrère, and the other "architects of ruin," who had usurped, by means of corruption, the most lucrative offices of the republic. On the execution of Robespierre, and the disgrace of his factious partizans, our South American was released from "durance vile," and was respectfully consulted by the leaders of the *Modérés*, respecting both the internal and external regulations of the country. His sentiments were published under the title, "*Opinion du General Miranda, sur la Situation Actuelle de la France.*" On the 4th of September of 1797, a revolution occurred, and the Directory, to confirm their power, proscribed the most celebrated and enlightened characters; among others

Carnot, Barthélemi, and Miranda, but the latter effected his escape to England previous to arrestation. In London he was kindly received by William Pitt. Great Britain was then engaged in war with Spain; the people of South America had given unequivocal indications of their desire of throwing off the yoke of Spain; a plan was formed for uniting the forces of Britain with an army from the United States, for consummating the object so dear to the patriotic heart of Miranda; and so far advanced were the preparations, that he wrote to General Hamilton—"It appears that the moment of our emancipation approaches, and that the establishment of liberty throughout the new world is intrusted to us by Providence. The only danger, in my apprehension, will be from the introduction of French principles, which would poison our principles at its birth, and end by overturning yours." Hamilton replied:

New-York, Aug. 22, 1798.

Sir—I have lately received, by duplicates, your letter of the 6th of April, with a postscript of the 9th of June. The gentleman you mention has not made his appearance to me; nor do I know of his arrival in this country: so that I can only divine its object from the hints in your letter.

The sentiments I entertain with regard to that object have been long since in your knowledge; but I could personally have no participation in it, unless patronized by the government of this country. It was my wish that matters had been ripened for a co-operation in the course of this fall, on the part of this country; but this can scarce now be the case. The winter, however, may mature the project, and an effectual co-operation by the United States may take place. In this case, I shall be happy, in my official station, to be an instrument of so good a work.

The plan, in my opinion, ought to be, a fleet of Great Britain, an army of the United States—a government for the liberated territories, agreeable to

both the co-operators, about which there will probably be no difficulty. To arrange the plan, a competent authority from Great Britain to some person here, is the best expedient. Your presence here will, in this case, be extremely essential.

We are raising an army of about 12,000 men. General Washington has resumed his station at the head of our armies. I am appointed second in command. With esteem and regard, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your very ob't Serv't,

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

But this project was destined to be abandoned. In 1801 another plan was formed for the liberation of the Spanish colonies, to be solely executed by the forces of Britain, but the signature of the treaty of Amiens caused it to be relinquished. In 1804, England was again at loggerheads with Spain; the continental confederacy of 1805 alarmed the British ministry; it was impossible to spare an adequate force for a South American expedition, at a period when almost all Europe was in alliance against her. Miranda then revisited the United States, hoping to be advantaged by the disputes between Spain and this country, relative to the province of Louisiana; but the difference, on his arrival, he found had been accommodated. Thence he

sailed for Trinidad, and remained there till 1807, when he returned to London, and vigorous preparations were made to assist in the deliverance of his country; but unfortunately for the cause of liberty, the revolution in Spain commencing, and the solicitations of the Anti-Gallican delegates from that country being complied with, gave a new turn to the current of the political interest of Britain.

Nothing subsequently ensued in the life of General Miranda until the actual commencement of the Insurrection of South America against her rapacious persecutors the haughty Spaniards, the particulars of which are fresh in the recollection of the public. May God grant success to the cause of patriotism, liberty, honour, independence, glory, and South America! May the people of the South ere long be as free as the people of the northern portion of the New World; and the isthmus of Panama no longer conjoin the land of liberty with the dominions of a despot; may freedom extend her golden wings over the vast continent of Columbus, and the glorious luminary orb, in its celestial progress, contemplate no part of America the agonizing prey of tyranny and oppression, is the earnest hope of

A SOUTH AMERICAN.

New-York, Feb. 2d, 1819.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGIAN.

"Ah me! how hard it is to climb Parnassus' mountain,
And to sit down by Helicon's fountain,
To marry all the Muses against their will!" U.

SIR,

I was born in Alexandria, the metropolis of Virginia, and am the thirteenth of twenty-seven children whom my father had by three successive marriages. My father was one of those patriotic citizens who hastened

the commencement of the revolutionary war. Notwithstanding his fortune, which was considerable, he primitively volunteered his service, and fell into the ranks as a private; but having nobly distinguished himself in several engagements, he was gradually raised, till he finally obtained the rank of major. On the re-establishment of pacification, my father, satisfied with having contributed in promoting the independence of his country, like a good citizen, contentedly retired to his paternal mansion, happy to exchange the turbulence of belligerence for the peace-

farmer ; so hanging up his sword in the hall, out of the reach of his junior offspring, he took the flints out of his pistols, shut them up in their case, and reassumed the plough and the pruning hook. From what I have already hinted, Mr. Editor, you will doubtless acknowledge my father to have been an industrious man. His wives were successively *like fruitful vines about his house*, and his conversation, at all times interesting, had the general tendency of kindling the principles of patriotism in the infant minds of his children, who, whenever they found him in a rhetorical humour, thronged around their veteran parent, attentively to listen to his animated descriptions of the famous battles in which he had fought—of the fatigues and privations sustained by the gallant soldiers of liberty. How we shuddered when he detailed the manifold horrors of the carnage-covered field ! How we wept when he depicted the miserable lot of some of his military comrades, with whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship ! Of one suddenly surrounded by Indian warriors, wounded by a thousand tomahawks, scalped and murdered, while stretching forth his arms in the act of imploring the protection of his fellow-soldiers, who happening to be too few in number to attempt his rescue, turned aside their faces, that they might not behold him expire, and to conceal from each other the generous tear of tortured affection which rolled down their manly countenances. My father entertained us with multifarious anecdotes of the occurrences of the ever to be remembered war, which only terminated with the American George's capture of the British George's second army of invasion. Our youthful minds becoming inflamed by the colloquy of our warrior-parent, we unanimously regretted that we were too young to become soldiers, and fight for freedom and our country. Indeed, so great was our military ardour, that even my sisters declared they would enlist in the service, and assist in its recapture, should the tax-inflicting king ever dare

to send Burgoyne or Cornwallis to re-invade their country.

My father perceiving, as he fondly thought, extraordinary abilities in me, sent me to complete my education at William and Mary's college. Desirous of becoming a scholar, I studied intensely, and soon became a favourite with the professors, whom I found, like the writer of the critique on Woodworth's poems, which appeared in your first number, 'PARTIAL TO MERIT.' I delighted particularly in studying the works of Homer, Anacreon, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Tibullus. I perused the admirable translations of Pope and Dryden, and the verses of Chaucer, Milton, Shakspeare, Thomson, Young, Shenstone, Otway, Gray, &c. I became enthusiastically fond of poetry ; at length, Sir, in the thirtieth year of my life, unfortunately I was tempted by the devil to conceit that I was inspired by Apollo and the Nine Muses. Had my dear father lived to advise me on the subject, I should have overcome the diabolical snare to destroy the tranquillity of my days ; but that excellent man of sound judgment died in the sixtieth year of his age. I commenced composer, added line to line, and rhyme to rhyme ; and as my father had left me an annuity of 1000 dollars per annum, I was determined to print a volume at my own expense, thinking to reap an abundant pecuniary harvest from the sale of an edition of 10,000 copies. In the first place I resolved to apprise my friends and acquaintances of the superlative genius for poetry I fancied I possessed. Accordingly, I sent forth a card of invitation to each, requesting the pleasure of their company to dine at my house on the anniversary of the independence of our republic. They assembled to the number of one hundred persons. I had provided an elegant repast, but was so eager to begin the perusal of my poetical work, that every moment seemed an hour, and every hour crept slowly along with leaden feet before my guests terminated their dinner. At length, to my exceeding joy, the table cloth was re-

moved. With a heart flushed with pride, and a breast replete with self-conceit, I rose, book in hand, and bowing extraordinarily low, I affected great humility, informed the party I had for some time paid my addresses to the nine Parnassian virgins of immortal fame; I had consequently produced a volume of poems, and would, by their permission, with great diffidence, read certain portions of it in a high tone of voice; and then hoped to receive their candid advice whether I should publish it or not. Though I had requested the candid advice of a hundred persons, had it been contrary to my pre-determination, though they had been so many Franklins or Rittenhouses, my pre-determination on the subject would have triumphed over their most sapient and eloquent arguments, and I should have considered so many philosophers as enemies to my intrinsic advantage, actuated by envious motives, or comparatively idiots, had they presumed to advise me contrary to my inflexible inclinations: there are too many young men who resemble me in this respect, and now experience having taught me better, I recognize the folly, and cordially pity them. Unanimous acclamations encouraged me to commence. Intent on doing justice to my own compositions, I began to read with great emphasis and spirit an ode on the fourth of July; I had scarcely uttered a line when I was greeted with a thunder of applause; the gentlemen declared it was superior to any thing of Barlow's, the ladies said it was monstrously delightful. I proceeded, and was frequently interrupted with gratulations on my fine genius, and by reiterated exclamations of "Oh beautiful! how beautiful! Oh dear! it is really too beautiful—indeed it is!" from every quarter saluted me. Alexander the great at the Persopolitan feast could not have felt more arrogantly vain, when,

"A present deity the vaulted roofs resound,"
than your deluded scribe at the flattering testimonials of approbation he

received from all but one old gentleman in a brown wig, who sate at the lower end of the table in uninterrupted taciturnity. I was Alexander in a lower sphere.

With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

DRYDEN.

The lateness of the hour induced me to postpone the recitation of the whole book till another opportunity. Were I, Mr. Editor, to recite all the fallacious compliments paid me on this occasion, my letter would occupy three numbers of the Collegian, to the total exclusion of all other topics; but I forbear to recapitulate those high-flown panegyrics which intoxicated my imagination, and caused me to conceive myself the counter-part of Homer, and Milton's superior. "Oh, you must and shall publish it! it would positively be a sin not to publish it," said my female acquaintances with their usual volubility. "I never heard," said a sycophant, "any thing finer in my life!—eh! why, gads! zounds! you would not conceal such a book! I insist on its being published." On this, bowing to the speaker, whose observations were repeated by all my guests, I replied:

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality.—ADDISON.

Elated with the consciousness of my astonishing qualifications, I fancied myself already on the pinnacle of renown. I gave a general invitation to the company to dine with me on the following day, when I would treat them with the remainder of the highly applauded poems. Again I prepared a sumptuous entertainment, and having conned my task for recitation, I sat with great dignity at the head of my covered table, impatient for the appearance of my guests. Several hours elapsed beyond the appointed time. At length a knock was heard at the door, and the old gentleman in

his brown wig entered. He came up to me, and with a solemn countenance thus addressed me: "Young man! I have come purposely to express to you my candid opinion of your poems from the specimens I have heard; they are deficient of fire, of melody, and frequently violate the laws of common sense. Nature never intended you for a poet. You possess neither genius nor inspiration. You cannot by obstinate perseverance, by industry, or by labour, acquire what is the peculiar gift of heaven to some peculiar souls. A poet must be born. I acknowledge that you are well read in the classics, a proficient in the dead languages, a decent prose writer; that you sing well, dance well, and are a favourite with the ladies, but *you are no poet*. If you will permit me, I will point out some of the numerous errors abounding in your book." "Sir," I exclaimed, with astonishment and indignation, "I despise your opinions as I do the despicable spirit of envy which instigates your present conduct. There are others, men of better judgment, whose applause I have obtained." "Farewell," replied the old man, and made his exit. No person appeared to partake of my feast. I rose in anger from my chair, and hastily leaving my house, I went in search of a printer, and agreed with him to publish 10,000 copies of my poems without delay. In due time they were printed on the finest paper, and elegantly bound. I sent quantities of them to various booksellers in Philadelphia, New-York, Boston, Savannah, and New-London, requesting them to sell the work on commission. To each of the editors of various critical reviews I sent a copy. Being in New-York, I dressed myself in the most fashionable style, and paraded through the principal streets; entered the City Hotel, Washington and Tammany halls, expecting to hear every person whispering on my approach, "That is Bavius, the great poet!" But to my surprise, no one noticed me, with the exception of my acquaintances. To my interrogative, Have you seen my work, my

poems? the universal reply was "no, why you have not published it! have you?" I was chagrined, but I consoled myself in expectation of the eulogia of the critics, consequently the rapid sale of the whole edition, and went to an artist to have my portrait engraved as a frontispiece to the second edition, which I expected soon to put to press. I subscribed for all the reviews. One morning I found half a dozen various numbers of these publications on my breakfast table. With a beating heart I turned over the leaves of the first, which I took up in order to read my own praises. At length I discovered my name, "Good! Good!" I exclaimed "here is what will occasion the envious wight in the brown wig to blush for his want of critical discrimination." I read:

First Review. Bavius informs us in his preface that the work before us is the *first* he could ever be prevailed on to publish; for his own sake, and the public's, we sincerely hope it may be the *last*.

I was thunderstruck, and remained motionless, a prey to agonizing reflections. Indignantly I committed that review to the fire; and snatching up another, I read:

Second Review. Bavius is either an idiot or a madman.

I tore this review into a thousand pieces, and abused its editor unmercifully. Taking up another, the first words which met my eyes were:

Third Review. Mr. Bavius is a blockhead.

"Confounded critics," I cried, "you are yourselves blockheads, blind to merit." I seized another pamphlet, hoping better things.

Fourth Review. Bavius's balderdash we have transmitted to the nearest grocery store, with directions to employ its pages in wrapping butter, lard, and herrings.

I stormed—I raved—I vowed to call the editors of these reviews to a severe account. I declared I would challenge them all to single combats with deadly weapons. Having cooled a little, with a trembling hand I open-

ed another miscellaneous work, and though several pages were devoted to ridicule every line I had published, I felt no inclination to peruse more than these :

Fifth Review. As well might the croaking frog attempt to rival the enchanting nightingale, as Bavius, the prince of blockheads! to rank with the least of those denominated poets.

Half frantic with rage and disappointment, I took up the

Sixth Review. To applaud the effusions of native minstrels affords us much satisfaction. Infinitely rather would we panegyryze than censure—

“ Ah! here at last I find a man of sense, who knows how properly to appreciate my genius and my poetical powers,” said I, and continued, —but we shall not say of Bavius, in Walter Scott's language

“ The last of all the bards is he.”

We are unwillingly constrained to avow that he has displayed neither genius, taste, judgment, or even common sense, in the volume before us ; it is a farrago of precipitate nonsense.

Who can picture my feelings? My heart bled. Overpowered by anguish, I fell senseless on the floor. On being restored, I found the room crowded with my acquaintances, each having one or more reviews in their hands,

which they had brought to show me, what I too well knew. Sir, I have become a laughing stock, and a by-word ; unable to tolerate the jeers and sneers of all who met me in New-York, I have retired to a small farm, in the western country, and I never again will attempt to write a stanza, for I now believe that I am indeed *no poet*, and heartily wish I had taken the advice of my good old friend in the brown wig.

Experience, by a severe application of the rods of criticism, has qualified me to offer my disinterested counsel to all young men who fancy they are endued with poetical talents. Though Osborne and Woodworth are undoubtedly poets, all editors of newspapers have not poetical genius ; though it is obvious most of these gentlemen foolishly fancy that poetry is mere jingling nonsense. Young authors, listen to an old man ; before you print your rhymings in a voluminous shape, with humility ask and accept the advice of judges of poetry. I remain, Mr Editor, sincerely hoping the number of your subscribers may increase daily,

Your respectful correspondent,

BAVIUS.

From my retreat in the Back Woods,
February, 1819.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGIAN.

Sir,

In Euripides' tragedy of *Phædra and Hippolitus*, the translator has caused *Hippolitus*, in his address to *Ismena*, who visits him in prison, to make use of the word *love* three times in three successive lines. But who does not perceive the elegance of these repetitions ?

—————'Tis kindly done, *Ismena*,
With all your charms to visit my distress,
Softens my chains, and make confinement easy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties!
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,

And grow thus to my *love*. What's liberty to this ?

What's fame or greatness ? Take them, take them, *Phædra*—

Freedom and fame—and in the dear confinement

Enclose me thus for ever.”—*Act ii.*

But how ridiculous are the tautologies of *H. C. Knight*, in *Earl Kandorf and Rosabelle*, *A Harper's Tale*, in which he has taken extraordinary pains to say,

O I pray ye to pray in your prayers when ye pray.—*Vid. Phil. ed. 1815. p. 29.*

Knight frequently, and improperly, omits prepositions before verbs, as,

O Love ! deign tell us what thou art.—p. 15.

Earl Kandorf is described as having plighted his troth to a mad lady, whereas it should seem the lovely Rosabelle was in possession of her wits when lovers' vows were interchanged. She was a female of whose insanity we hear nothing before Osroch's treachery, and of which the earl himself was ignorant till his return on his red roan.

"And who is Earl Kandorf? Of martial fame, Brave Eutrick's son—rich Eutrick's heir, Who had plighted his faith to the maniac fair, The wretched picture of pale despair!"

"The generous youths about him smil'd," says Knight; and had he been there, no doubt he would have laughed outright; for, reader, the Harper stopped in the midst of the most interesting part of his romance, and occupied himself—how?

—felt he for his dog, which to a leading string was tied,
And long he patted him, as a friendly, patient guide!

The dog, the leading string, the dog's good qualities, and how long his master patted him, is a disagreeable, intrusive episode.

This poetical Knight, sir, appears to have had his imagination inflamed by the study of the famous *History of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog*, and he determined to enchant his readers by exhibiting a wonderful canine gentleness in the first page of his minstrelsy:

"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get poor dog a bone;
When she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
So the poor dog had none!
She went to the baker to get him some bread,
When she came back the dog was dead!"
Vide Mother Hubbard, &c.

The author of "A Harper's Tale," instead of invoking the Muses, on commencing his work, commences thus:

"Sate the Minstrel, old and gray,
His faithful dog lay him beside,
And, wistful looking in his face, he seem'd to say,
Though all the world forsake thee, Shag will stay,
And lead thee, gentle master, all thy pilgrim way.
From his shaggy white pile he took his name,
Of little worth for watch, or game."

Enough of that worthless dog.

CENSOR.

[*Editorial.*—Indubitably it is perspicuously obvious that H. C. Knight is guilty of many authorial sins of omission and commission; but it is no less authentic that he deserves the applause of his compatriots, for the many beautiful ideas elegantly expressed, which are scattered in his poems. The hallucinations, designated by our correspondent merit critical reprobation; but lest those of our readers who have never perused "The Broken Harp" should imagine its author destitute of genius, I pledge myself, at some future period, to point out portions of his work, in no respect inferior to the descriptive powers of the celebrated *Walter Scott*. Such an assertion may create a mixture of astonishment and indignation among those citizens who are accustomed to look with an eye of contempt on all American publications. There is a trite, homely, and very true proverb: *The proof of the pudding is in the eating.*]

THE ESSAYIST, No. II.

PATRIOTISM.

"All men with human feelings, love their country;
'Tis the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions."
Tragedy of Don Julian.

HAVING bestowed a few reflections on the nature and effects of love be-

tween the sexes, patriotism, or the love of our country, comes now, (agreeably to division,) under consideration. Whether this love be of a more excellent species than the other, I will not pretend to determine. But

it conveys an idea of greater glory ; calls into action more noble powers of the soul ; and is followed by a train of more conspicuous virtues. Patriotism must also afford superior happiness : because by it the benevolent affections are exerted towards a great part of the human race ; and the more numerous the objects of our kind wishes are, the greater satisfaction will be derived from the accomplishment of them. But I would not here be understood to derogate from the excellence of that passion, which has for its object an individual of the fair sex. On the contrary, a prudent connection with them, appears to involve much of the comfort and pleasure of life. This is a source of joy not indeed noisy and ostentatious, but tranquil and satisfactory. But in the spirited exertions of patriotism, there is something so disinterested, that those who possess this virtue in an eminent degree, are honoured with the love and esteem of mankind. This principle may subsist, however, in a very great degree, where it has no opportunity of displaying itself. The cottager may by nature be possessed of the soul of Cato, but like a rose in the wilderness, it breathes its sweets and blooms unknown. If the patriot was not rewarded with the shouts of applause, the eulogium of eloquence, or the wreaths of poetry ; if he was not recompensed with the emolument of office, or the distinguished attention of his countrymen ; it is more than probable that the divine blaze would never have been so frequently enkindled in his breast, nor so frequently dazzled the world with its lustre. The mere approbation of conscience is very seldom sufficient to make men exert all their faculties, and all their abilities, in works interesting chiefly to others. Honours and rewards should, however, always attend great and virtuous actions ; for, although they may not arise from the purest motives, yet they are no less a blessing to mankind.

The many advantages which patriotism exhibits to our view, render it a virtue of the highest rank. Numerous motives occur to encourage its growth, and establish a habit of it in our breasts. Is it natural to love our nearest friends and connections ? To provide for the conveniencies of a family ? Then, surely, when we consider that our country is, in one sense, our parent ; that we are dependent on it for support in the various stages of life ; and that we are intimately concerned in its welfare ; every one must be fully convinced that it is his interest and duty to exert all his powers in its service. Whenever the mental faculties are employed with pleasure in the prosecution of any business, the languor of life is in a great measure removed, and a satisfaction very desirable ensues. If we reflect that by exerting ourselves in support of the interests of our country, we shall obtain the blessings of our countrymen ; that we shall improve in virtue and usefulness, and promote our own internal tranquillity, the excellence of the patriot must be obvious. Even when our love is placed on an individual, especially of the fair sex, we are all anxiety to promote her happiness, and to render her kind and favourable to our fondest wishes. How much more, when we desire the happiness of millions, should we be found using those means which would most effectually qualify us to acquire and establish it.

The patriot who has distinguished himself for great attention to the concerns of his country, is revered by all his fellow-citizens, and honoured by the world. Wherever he goes, the eye of love and respect follows him. And when he retires from the active scenes of life, he is accompanied into solitude by that tranquillity which inevitably results from upright intention, and a course of the most distinguished virtues.

KIENDTWOKHE.

Columbia College.

CONSIDERATIONS RESPECTING ENVY.

Argumentum ad Judicium.

ENVY, in conjunction with pride, was doubtless the desperate crime, which instigated the rebellion of Satan, and betrayed angels to irremediable misery. Behold! they who were the sons of God, denizens of the regions of blessedness and glory, are now the dark and gloomy habitants of torment and despair. From the circumstance of entertaining and lodging this diabolical guest in their bosoms, since the era to us unknown, when that important event occurred, on the reality of which we have presumed—how innumerable have been the wretched victims, self-immolated on its horrid altars! Ye envious! ye self tormentors! why will ye feed within you this baleful, this slow-consuming incendiary? He undermines your constitution, disturbs your peace, poisons your enjoyments, harasses your souls, intrudes on those hours allotted for repose—on those appointed for the transaction of business, occupies with malicious devices too considerable a portion of human life, naturally brief; and which ought to be devoted to nobler pursuits, to more valuable improvements—to the eternal concerns of an immortal soul, and the fitting that soul for a more exalted sphere of being in more exalted regions, for companionship with angels of light, and for communion with God. Why, ye mental suicides! will ye banish contentment from your breasts, and pusillanimously surrender yourselves to be driven about, the pitiable slaves of a low, mean, degrading, unprofitable crime? Why league yourselves with the irreconcilable enemies of your supreme interests? Why deliver your hearts into the custody of the demons of darkness and despair? demons unchangeably intent to accomplish your everlasting destruction! O what insanity appears in your practical conduct—How can you reconcile it with the tactics of reason? Know ye not, deluded disciples of self-destruction and black despair! that by

yielding to the baneful influence of envy, you voluntarily condemn your existences to horrid regions of eternal misery? Why will ye provoke the vengeance of heaven, by contemptuously disobeying the express commands of the Omnipotent? To whom all secrets are known, to whom all hearts are exposed.

There is not an envious soul in heaven. Remember St. Paul's injunction respecting charity: "charity thinketh no evil."

Canvass the advantages and disadvantages resulting from an indulgence of envy. Will the malice of the ignorant render an illustrious character less illustrious? Will it diminish his real properties of mind? or deteriorate from his glory in the estimation of a single person, whose good opinion is deservedly desired? Persecution tends to the ultimate benefit of the persecuted. Who was more persecuted than Jesus the Messiah? What denomination have been more calumniated, oppressed, and tortured, than the votaries of the divine religion. Search the records of past ages, turn over the pages of history.—The records of past ages, the pages of history, abound with testimony of the undeserved ill-treatment of the primitive Christians. The mortal emperors of the civilized world, whose nod decided the sublunary fate of the nations who inhabited from the pillars of Hercules to the remotest regions of the East, whose words were obeyed as law, and to whose honour altars and temples were erected by the submissive millions, who extolled and bowed down to them as gods, earthly deities! they resolved with sword and fire, by incarcerations and torture, by crucifixions, and other horrible punishments, to exterminate the peaceful subjects of the condemned who had been put to the infamous death of the cross. Where are these monarchs? Where is their empire? Where are their tombs? Blasted is their fame on the rolls of history; their glory has vanished like smoke; they are as a dream of the night, which is gone in

the morning, and remembered but with a smile; and millions of Europe and America profess the noble religion they vainly persecuted! "*Crescit sub pondere virtus.*" Virtue, like the palm tree, grows beneath imposition, and flourishes in proportion to the weight of incumbency. Washington has been villified, and Franklin abused by the envious! The names of Washington and Franklin, centuries hence, future generations will pronounce with veneration; in less than a century, even the names of their traducers no one will recollect—they will be forgotten. Beware of the envious man; he is malicious, he is perfidious. It is dangerous "*colubrum in sinu fovere,*" to cherish a snake in the bosom. He will watch opportunities to slander your reputation; he will misinterpret your sentiments; misrepresent your conduct, magnify your follies; and who is without folly? Jehovah chargeth even his angels with folly. The envious man gives you his hand with simulated cordiality; malice pervades his bosom, rankles in his heart; as the mildew destroys the virgin lily, he would destroy your reputation. Pause, thoughtless man!—are you acquainted with an envious wretch? Beware his proffered friendship. "*Cæca invidia est, nec quid quam aliud scit quam detractare virtutes*" says Livy; "envy is blind, her disposition is to detract from virtue." Horace justly observes, "*Cassis tutissima Virtus.*" "virtue is the safest shield." Oppose the shafts of envy, and the darts of malignity, by the persevering excellence of your life, and you will succeed in the attainment of every laudable desire. "*Candor dat viribus alas!*" "Truth gives wings to strength," and though, like the glorious luminary which adorns the heavens, and illuminates the planetary system of which our world is a member; the splendour of talents, or the magnanimity of the Christian, may for a little hour be concealed by the clouds of envy, he shall ere long be acknowledged illustrious, and ascend towards the allotted

meridian. "*Clarior e tenebris,*" "more bright from obscurity!"

Envy and covetousness are allied. Who sincerely pities the proprietor of these despicable vices, when he falls from his state? "*Amittit merito proprium, qui alienum appetit.*" "He deservedly loses his own property, who covets that of another," is a sentiment in which I cordially concur with Phædrus. "The children of this world are wise in their day and generation." The envious man is neither a son of light, or a wise child of the world, for who but a fool would entertain envy in his heart, and carry about within him a hell! The lordly Haman, could find no delight in the magnificence of his princely palace, in the sounds of music, in the affection of his wife and children, in the pomp of rank and retinue; envy took his heart by a *coup de main*, he cherished the noxious poisoner of his joy. He beheld himself the object of royal regard; his fortunes were immense; but in discontent he exclaimed: "All this availeth me nothing, while Mordecai, the Jew, sitteth at the king's gate." Haman lost his life; he was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for the Jew, and that Jew, crowned, robed, and sceptred, in equestrian pomp, was led through the scene of Haman's glory and disgrace, heralds proclaiming him "the man their king delighted to honour." A lesson for envy.

PALEMON.

*Yale College, New-Haven,
February, 1819.*

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. C—
of Princeton College.*

I shall derive as much information as possible from printed works, taking care, however, not to mislead you by fallacious statements, or by the recapitulation of misrepresentations. "Mistakes, when they once get into books, are often very difficult to correct. They are but too often continued from one edition to another without alteration; and thus they diffuse and perpe-

tuates error from generation to generation."* I shall therefore examine and investigate every thing for myself as far as may be in my power; and where I am precluded from personal knowledge, I shall seek for information from the most approved histories, and from the conversation of persons of respectability in point of intelligence. Of this I feel assured, you will read my letters with the partiality of a fond parent. I have already purchased several volumes, previously published, and it shall not be from want of industry on my part, if my epistles are not replete with instruction to my sister, and with entertainment to my dear mother.

We live in an age when the means of knowledge are abundant, and the price of education cheap. Desire of its attainment, added to a proper degree of assiduity, are sufficient to ensure to the pupils of learning a comparative possession.

In a conversation on the subject with an old acquaintance of my father's, whom we yesterday accidentally overtook, on our road to——, he observed to my father, that the first printed book was a Vulgate edition of the Bible, in two volumes folio; this occurred in the year of our Lord 1462. The second printed work, he remarked, was "*Cicero de Officiis*," in the year 1466. My father replied, that, 176 years elapsed after the printing of the Vulgate edition of the Bible, to which he had alluded, till the introduction of the divine art of typography to the new world; for the first printing press erected in America was at Cambridge, in the year 1638. The first work printed was the *Freeman's Oath*, the next an *Almanac* calculated for New England, by Mr. Pierce, mariner. A sailor was the first author who wrote and published his work in America. The Psalms, newly metred, were next printed.

The gentleman answered, that the invention of the noble art of printing

was an event of vast importance to the whole human race, and declared that he believed the Almighty had made use of it, for the salvation of millions of immortal souls, and avowed that he was of opinion the revolution, which gave to us the blessings we enjoy as citizens of this envied country, was in a great degree promoted by the influence of the press.

POCAHONTAS.

Captain John Smith is celebrated in the history of Virginia as a person possessed of superior talents. He was stiled the life and soul of the colony. The town of his fellow colonists being destroyed, he began to rebuild it, and while thus commendably employed, sharing the common labours of the undertaking, setting in his own person an example of industry, he was suddenly surprised by a party of Indians, and triumphantly carried before their chieftain. Powhatan, emperor of several confederated nations of Indians, ordered him to be carried as a show among various tribes over whom he commanded; he then determined that Smith should be sacrificed. But Providence miraculously interposed in his favour, as has been exemplified by Umphraville in the ballad of Pocahontas, of which the following is an extract:

"Hither, the British captive bring,"
Frowning exclaim'd the Indian King,
"Let him experience dreadful pains
Due to him who war maintains,
Against the powerful Powhatans,
His feet pollute our father's lands!"

He spoke, obedient to his words,
Dragg'd forward by the barb'rous hordes,
The stately captive soon appears,
Disdaining signs of mortal fears,
No sigh proclaim'd he mourn'd his doom,
Or trembled at the yawning tomb.

Undaunted stood th' environ'd chief,
His eyes undimm'd by drops of grief,
He scornful on the monarch gaz'd,
Whose eyes like lurid lightning blaz'd,
He sate enthron'd in barb'rous pride,
And in a voice of thunder cried:

"His blood th' insulted land distains
"With massive clubs beat out his brains!"

* Anon. Amer. author.

Instant an hundred clubs are rais'd,
When (let God's providence be prais'd!)
With streaming eyes from 'mongst the crowd
A damsel rush'd with sobbings loud.

She clasp'd his head within her arms,
No female fears her soul alarms.
"My daughter! Pocahontas!" cried
The melted monarch—gone his pride!
"Dost thou request that he should live?
Yes, to thy plea, his life I give."

O woman! tender, charming, kind,
Compassion sways thy gracious mind;
My tears spontaneous dew my lyre,
Tears which thy gen'rous soul inspire.
Let Pocahontas' glorious name,
Adorn the immortal lists of Fame!

Shall sanguinary Cesar's crimes,
Be glorious term'd in Christian times—
And yet no wreath poetic bloom
O'er Pocahontas' lowly tomb?
Daughters of mercy, Muses, lo!
For her I bid my verses flow.

Powhatan's guard the chief attends
To Jamestown, spar'd to bless his friends;
Smith in return fine presents sent,
To him whom Nature bade relent.
The sword and tomahawk rest from gore,
And war and discord are no more.

Pocahontas was only thirteen years of age when she saved the life of Smith; and by her means, the colony was supplied with wholesome provisions.

Captain Smith has circumstantially recorded his wonderful escape in his history of Virginia, pages 49, 50, 51; and in his letter to Queen Anne, consort of King James I, dated in 1616.

To the Editor of the American Students' Magazine.

Sir,

Sometime since, prompted by the novelty of its title, I purchased and perused a work, entitled *Poetical Vagaries of a Knight of the Folding-Stick, of Paste Castle. To which is annexed, the History of the Garret, &c. &c. translated from the Hieroglyphics of the Society. By a Member of the order of the Blue String.* Doubtless many of your readers have read it also.

I was induced to make some inquiries relative to the motives for the publication of these vagaries. An intimate friend of the author informed me as follows:

A printer of Elizabethtown was indebted to the writer of the work alluded to, in the sum of between seven and eight hundred dollars, but being unable to liquidate it in "hard cash," offered to republish any work his creditor desired, to the value of the amount of the debt. The author, who is a man of talents, not deeming that he should derive a sufficient profit by the sale of any stale performance in that neighbourhood, wrote an original, the anonymous work to which I refer. The manuscript was delivered to the printer, and 1,700 names appeared on the subscription list. Shortly after, the printer, constrained "by dire necessity's supreme command," took the benefit of the insolvent debtor's act; and after keeping the manuscript three months, returned it. The author occasioned it to be printed elsewhere. He supplied 1,000 subscribers, and having 1,000 copies remaining, he bartered them for 316 acres of land, situated in Lucerne county, Pennsylvania.

Several of the poetical pieces in this work, in my opinion, are equal to the facetious and satirical productions of the celebrated Dr. Wolcott, who has written so much under the assumed name of Peter Pindar. As the author of the *Poetical Vagaries, &c.* is an American, and it being the fashion amongst us to decry all American works, and patronise those of our ancient oppressors, many will be disposed to cavil at the comparison; but "Hessian, a tale, in two parts," will not be found by unprejudiced readers to be inferior to the "History of a King and the Apple Dumplings." The wit displayed is frequently equal to Yorick's. The same observation may be applied to "Salmagundi," supposed to be the joint production of William Ward, and Washington Irving, Esqrs. The subject of the little book I have mentioned, is to ridicule the inquisitiveness and spirit of detraction then too predominant in Newark. Its publication has done much good. If I may judge by the rapidity of the sale of the whole of the edition of *Poeti-*

cal Vagaries, the public have not condemned as unworthy of perusal, the author's *πεποιήματα*.

CRITO.

Newark, New-Jersey,
February 2, 1819.

Editorial. A panegyric asseveration, however boldly pronounced, is undeserving of credit, unless accompanied by demonstrations showing the authenticity of the assertion. We expect Crito, by a future communication, to evince that any part of the Poetical Vagaries equals any thing penned by Pindar or Yorick.

FOR THE COLLEGIAN.

LETTER I.

*On certain Mathematical Combinations
for the National Defence.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY DE WITT CLINTON,
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

SIR,

Induced by ambition of empire, by the desire of personal aggrandisement, by the love of popularity, and swayed by expectation of raising an imperishable fame, on the basis of a grandeur, which philosophy teaches is, at best, vain and illusory; princes and potentates trampling on the law of nature, which prompts us to philanthropy, ceasing to respect the avowed principles adopted by all civilized nations, (which inculcates, that no trespass can be honourably committed on the right of another) borne along by the headlong torrent of turbulent passions, inimical to the welfare of mankind, endeavour to accomplish their favourite projects with sword and fire, by extermination and conflagration; havoc and desolation follow their footsteps, and designate the career of their myrmidon myriads; hence infracted treaties, and the innumerable victims immolated at the reeking shambles of war. All whose human feelings have not been sacrificed to concupiscence of wealth, or lust of power, deplore

what none can prevent; that nations, referring not to the peaceful arbitration of impartial umpires, should have continual recourse to the sanguinary decisions of the ruthless sword; that their imperial or royal rulers, should foster the hell-engendered passion of criminal ambition. Philosophical precepts, and the dictates of the divine religion, are equally ineffectual, to convince the wilful and powerful disturbers of the peace of the world, of the turpitude of the passions they cherish to the misery of millions. We may deplore, we cannot alter the constitution of the actual evil; we cannot decree a perpetual and universal harmony; or, if we may decree, we cannot enforce, an edict of eternal pacification. We are consequently imperatively commanded, by one of the first principles of nature, self-preservation, to prepare for encountering the inevitable evil, when, menacing our ruin, some foreign power, avaricious of national aggrandisement, and callous of our increasing glory, shall invade our country, and demonstrate an earnest desire to reduce us to bow beneath the iron yoke of subjection. What painter can delineate the multifarious horrors of war? What historian can pourtray the concatenation of miseries originating in belligerence? What poet, however fertile his fancy or glowing his expressions, can describe in strains sufficiently energetic the distresses endured by the inhabitants of a country actually occupied by the ferocious soldiers of a foreign enemy? Who does not shudder at the remembrance of their merciless brutality to the conquered foe? Of the diabolical enormities of their conduct to the subjected enemy? But the period, pregnant with fate, will arrive; the time is probably not distant, when the rage of war will be rekindled, when our country will be doomed again to experience the manifold miseries of a third invasion. Let us prepare, and be ready to meet the destined day of danger, and the hour of calamity. A wise nation will, in the midst of peace,

prepare the means of defence, and thus by prudential foresight avert the threatening storm.

By birth an American, I have at heart the preservation of American lives, and the stability of our republican institutions. Should the crimson tide of war again be rolled to our troubled shores, I am confident that military machines and belligerent engines may be of essential benefit, and conduce to diminish the effusion of American blood. *I prefer to save the life of one citizen, rather than to destroy an hundred enemies*, was Scipio's philanthropic observation. Every genuine patriot will give this magnanimous sentiment a place in his breast. The advantage of introducing mathematical instruments in military and naval conflicts, is to consummate the destruction of the enemy, with infinitely inferior loss than is sustained without their auxiliary.

In a future letter through this medium, I shall develop the principles on which the least offensive of one of the machines I have invented are constructed; and I hope, if not unworthy of patronage, your excellency will afford me encouragement, in order that I may become a useful citizen to my native country.

With sentiments of high consideration, I have the honour to be,

Your Excellency's, &c. &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

New-York, February, 1819.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—Presuming your columns are open to critical observations, I beg leave to make some animadversions on No. I. of the Essayist, which appeared in the first number of your entertaining work. The author, who signs KIENDTWOHKE, has borrowed his notions on the subject of love, and almost his language, from writers, for

their talents held in deserved estimation. He is a plagiarist, without discrimination and judgment. "Nor," says he "is the ardour of this passion extinguished with the winter of old age." This sentiment is fallacious—the contrary is a self-evident fact. What does K. mean by the winter of old age? The winter of life is old age, and the winter of old age is *second childishness*, that which Shakspeare has so admirably described. Surely the ardour of love is then totally extinguished. No doubt K.'s meaning is orthodox enough, but his expressions are equivocal, and amount to absurdity. We judge of a man's meaning by his expressions. I prefer plain American logic to foreign dishes; he has made a ragout, and it is unpalatable to my taste.

What a heterogeneous mixture is contained in his essay; "woman, our country, mankind, and God." Thus the sexes are separated by the wide extent of a country, whereas common politeness, if not love, might have dictated that the gentleman should, as is usually the case, follow the ladies. He is so much taken up in contemplating the charms of women, that he has not been ashamed to put off the consideration of what is due from man to God, with a half a dozen of his last lines, to make room for a descant on "unlawful attachments," and he charges this heinous crime on nature, which, according to him, impels us to criminality. Now, Sir, it is an unnatural and diabolical impulse. I concur with your critic in his opinion of the ignorance of *Coffin*, and the pertinacious stupidity of *Branagan*. Such blockheads cannot be lashed too severely. Success to the critical rod in the independent hand of a just judge.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Columbia College,
February, 1819

VARIETY.

CHARLES JOHN, KING OF SWEDEN.

"A cuspidæ corona."

At the commencement of the French revolution, in the reign of Louis XVI. the present king of Sweden was a sergeant of marines; in 1794, a general of division. Napoleon I. raised him to the rank of a marshal of the empire, and created him prince of Ponto Corvo. The people of Sweden and Norway elected him to the throne of those United Kingdoms. What a transition! a sergeant of marines promoted to the throne of Scandinavia, and acknowledged king of the Goths and Vandals! What a rise for the house of Bernadotte!

BOLIVAR.

Don Simon Bolivar, commander in chief of the armies of the new republics of that portion of South America which, for a period of nearly three hundred years, has acknowledged the sovereignty of the kings of Spain, is a native of the city of Caraccas. He was formerly an officer in the Spanish service. Before the commencement of the present revolutionary war, I have been informed by a person intimately acquainted with him, his private fortune was estimated at the value of 200,000 dollars. Sir Gregor McGregor married General Bolivar's sister.

THE VENEZUELIAN MINISTER.

The note addressed by Don Lino de Clemente, to John Quincy Adams, Esq. secretary of state, declaring on the part of the former that he had been officially authorized to treat with the government of the United States, relative to the relations of the South American republics, and the reply of the secretary, declining the conference, have been recently published in the newspapers. Don Lino de Clemente is a native of the city of Caraccas, and was elected its representative in the revolutionary congress of South America. His military grade is that of a general. He is an ardent patriot, and has at heart the emancipation of his country from the domination of Ferdinand VII. He has distinguished himself in the service of his native country, and to his character, principles, and conduct, he is indebted for the honour of his delegation on so important an embassy as this which has been confided to him. He has a numerous family, and resides in Philadelphia. Those who are well acquainted with him, declare him to be a faithful friend, a good husband, an affectionate father, and a man of great talents, prudence, and foresight.

EPITAPH ON AN ARCHITECT.

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This epitaph, so much praised for its point and authenticity, was composed for the monument of Sir John Vanbrugh, of whom Sir Joshua Reynolds declares, he "was a poet as well as an architect."

DOCTOR CHEYNE.

A gentleman haranguing one day in company with Doctor Cheyne, on the excellence of human nature. "Hoot! hoot! mon," exclaimed the learned Scot, "human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel, or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and religion."

PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

The great Earl of Chatham declared in the house of commons, that no book had ever been perused by him with equal instruction with the *Lives of Plutarch*.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD.

Murray, Earl of Mansfield, was an eloquent man. A bishop of Worcester, in his biography of Bishop Warburton, delineates his character. Mansfield was a man of the world in the completest sense of the phrase. He studied individual aggrandisement: Owen Ruffhead called on him several times, requesting materials for writing his life. "My life," said the Lord Chief Justice, "is not of importance enough to be written. If you wish to write the life of a truly great man, write the life of Lord Hardwicke, who, from very humble means, and without family support and connections, became lord high chancellor of England on account of his virtue, his talents, and his diligence." I worship the God of truth; I cannot therefore respect that man who publicly declared that TRUTH IS A LIBEL, and consequently should be subjected to punishment by heavy fines and imprisonment. In his speech on the outlawry of Wilkes, he says: "justice and law are synonymous terms." Where is the justice? And where is the law reconcilable with principles of Christianity, which condemns a man to the loss of property, and the deprivation of liberty, for speaking or writing the *truth*? No apprehensions of the enmity of the powerful, of the resentment of the enemies of veracity, however exalted may be their rank, should tempt an author to the guilt of voluntarily recording, or even insinuating, what his conscience informs him is fallacious; since he may, by the propagation of a falsehood, deceive millions in some important subject.

FATAL DUEL.

"One murder makes a villain."

On the morning of February 6th, General Armistead T. Mason and Mr. M'Carty fought

a duel at Bladensburg. They fought at the distance of ten paces, with rifles loaded with three balls each. Mason was shot through the body, and died about 10 minutes after the affair. M'Carty's arm was shattered by the ball of his antagonist, and has been amputated near the shoulder.

DOCTOR WATERHOUSE.

Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is entitled to the honour of proleptically introducing the vaccine or cow-pock inoculation into the United States, and has consequently been the instrument in the hands of Providence of saving the lives of thousands. Dr. Lettson's biographer attempted unjustly to deprive our philosopher of the priority of

introducing so valuable a discovery to the New World. But it plainly appears by a letter addressed to T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. dated April 16th, 1817, inserted in the Philosophical Magazine of London, that Dr. Waterhouse, and not Dr. Lettson, was the primitive introducer to America of Jenner's invaluable practice. In a letter from Waterhouse to Lettson, dated November 13th, 1800, the former expressly says: "It is well known I was the first to bring the practice of inoculation with the vaccine virus into this country."

DR. DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

The National Mint, when first instituted, was placed under the auspices of Rittenhouse.

MUSA AMERICANA.

"The Muse!—whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires."...JOHN SCOTT.

THE ALLEGANIAD;

OR,

MIGRATION OF THE MUSES.*

BY ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

European bards have sung their mountains
high,
Whose heads ambitious seem to touch the
sky.
Assembled Gods on proud OLYMPUS sate
In solemn councils, gravely to debate,

The lot of empires, and the laws of fate.
On proud PARNASSUS' laurel'd head,
Th' enchanting Muses virgin bed,
Near balm-diffusing roses blow,
And streams of inspiration flow.
While MARS through Europe drove his car,
The Muses midst the horrid jar,
Beheld the dreadful woes of War;

Trembling—they heard the thund'ring can-
non's sound,
Weeping they saw the ensanguin'd fields
around.

* It certainly will appear a bold design in so young an Author, to attempt the removal of the Muses from Mount Parnassus to the Allegany Mountains.

Parnassus, situated in the midst of a country formerly celebrated for its refinement, civilization, and the progress which its inhabitants had made in the Liberal Sciences and Useful Arts, is now surrounded by a population, ignorant, servile, and the contrast of their enlightened ancestors. I have therefore imagined it proper to transport the ladies to the Alleganies in the Chariot of the Sun, as Pegasus's back has lately been severely galled by several heavy-riding English versifiers; and, indeed, it was not sufficiently long to bear nine side saddles; beside which, conveyance by carriage is, at present, the most fashionable mode of travelling. Had these nine reputed Virgins, thought proper to have waited on the shores of Greece, for the arrival of Cleopatra's Barge, I doubt not, Mr. Crowninshield, the enterprising proprietor of that magnificent vehicle, would politely, on his return, have brought them as passengers to some part of the United States, and thus have performed an action more deserving of renown than whatever Jason accomplished with the Golden Fleece.

The Muses have but followed the example of many thousand mortals who have fled from the devastations of war in Europe, to dwell in security on the bosom of Columbia. Apprehensive anticipations have occasioned an influx of population to the United States, by the multitudinous emigration of Europeans from the Old World, for more than twenty years past so continually deluged with human gore, to this portion of the New Continent, which seems destined by the Power Supreme to be the asylum of the miserable, and the last abode of Liberty on earth. Happening fortunately to live in an epocha when tranquillity has extended her wings over Europe, Asia, and the Northern Continent of America, it was during a complete year of Peace, I returned to my beloved country, after an absence of many years. I would celebrate this distinguished period with the sound of the harp, and with the voice of melody. There is often too much monotony, even in the themes of modern poets; their tuneful predecessors have indiscriminately sung of flowers and of weeds, have exhausted almost every subject: While one undertakes to describe the glory of God, the seat of his Divine Majesty, the effects of His Power, of His Anger, or of His Love; another writes "*A Sonnet to my Mistress's Eyebrow*"—and another simply sings:

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly—
Drink with me, and drink with I!"

Mirth, Joy, Pleasure, Happiness—Pain, Grief, Misery, Despair, all the Passions which can agitate

They sought the Sun's bright palace rich
 with gold,
 Its Mulciberian gates, charm'd with their
 songs, unfold.
 Swift to APOLLO's throne the Nine repair,
 And to their Patron God thus sung the Vir-
 gins fair:
 "Sire of Song! of Harmony Divine!
 'Tis thine with heav'nly rays o'er worlds to
 shine;
 To grant our pray'r, Irradiate God! is
 thine;
 'Midst murd'rous cannons' awful roar,
 'Thro' Slaughter's fields impurpled o'er with
 gore,
 BELLONA drives th' insatiate MARS;
 Follow their car, attendants dire,
 Murder, rapine, rape and fire.
 Genius to war devotes his pow'r,
 Or low in dust is doom'd to cower;
 By MARS inspir'd, Europe he wraps in
 flame,
 Through floods of human blood he swims
 to fame;
 Wealth, honour, praise, pursue the warriors
 name:

Ah! who shall quench this diabolic rage,
 The sins of this abominable age?
 Who shall the Muses fears assuage?
 Lest men inured to crimes, grown bold,
 As haughty Giants did of old,
 Should dare t' invade our blest retreat,
 Or stain with sacred blood the Muses' hal-
 low'd seat.
 Far from this world of blood and War,
 O bear us in thy golden car;
 With thee, harmonious Lord of Day,
 We'll pass through heav'n's enlighten'd
 way,
 And o'er the wide ATLANTIC waves,
 From lands of European slaves,
 To where COLUMBIA's star-crown bright
 Diffuses round her floods of light;
 Where dove-ey'd Peace, and gen'rous
 Freedom's spell,
 Inspire the sacred fire, the Muses love to
 dwell."
 Thus sweetly sung th' enchanting fair,
 While from their silver harps resound
 th' euphonious air:
 When beauty pleads her dear request,
 O stubborn is that haughty breast

the soul with sensations of sorrow, or emotions of any kind; all we can see, and much of all we have thought, have been consecrated to the Muses. Many reapers have gathered of the harvest. All nature is a song.

I may claim the merit of originality for the removal of the Inspirers of Heavenly Poesy from the realms of turbulence, to the regions of peace; from Europe to America; from Parnassus to "Mountains lov'd by Liberty."

But it may be objected to the removal of the Daughters of Melody from dwelling in the midst of the noise of arms; that it is an absolute innovation in the Mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and that no modern should pretend to change what was considered by them sacred, and which constituted a part of their religious belief. To this objection, it may be replied: Poetry is not peculiar to any country, but is generally cultivated by all nations which have made any progress in civilization. The imaginary Inspirers of the Divine Art are still supposed to exist; but why should Parnassus monopolize their residence, since the charm which primitively attracted them to that mountain exist no more? Why were the Muses established in Greece? Because it was a Land of Liberty, and of Refinement; their presence essentially presumes the cultivation of the Liberal Sciences and Useful Arts, and a profound veneration for Religion; they abhor ignorance and venality; but by whom are they now surrounded? The Garden of Ancient Europe is now inhabited by slavish, slothful, stupid Turks, enemies to liberality, and foes to Science; they have desolated that once beautiful portion of the earth, and destroyed the most valuable of the monuments of the glory of Greece. They are Mahomedans. To evince the barbarity of the Islamites, take the example of one of their Emperors. His arms were victorious; success crowned with his flag the ramparts of a magnificent city, in which a wise monarch had many years antecedently established, at an enormous expense, an excellent Library, filled with the choicest productions of the mind of man. The Mahomedans doomed the city to conflagration. The Literature flew to the vindictive Islamite, and conjured him to spare THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD. "If," said he, "it contains what is in the Koran, we have the Koran, it is needless; if more, it is superfluous: let it be destroyed!"

During the invasion of Egypt by the French army under Bonaparte, First Consul of the French Republic, that chief was desirous of opening in the invaded country Academies for the instruction of native youth; in order to accomplish this object, he frequently conversed on the subject with the most sapient of the Mahomedan Imams and Cziques, and philosophically proposed the translation from the various languages of the civilized Europeans, of the scientific works; the disciples of Mahomet declared that there could be no necessity for so much trouble, as the Koran taught every thing. The French Consul angrily asked, "Does it teach you how to cast cannon?" All the Mahomedans answered: "Yes! yes!" And shall the Virgin Muses choose to dwell in the country of these, the reverse of the enlightened inhabitants of ancient Greece? Will the intemperate Maids contentedly reside in those regions where polygamy and concubinage is permitted; where no soul is allowed to their sex, and where females are generally considered merely created to conduce to the sensual gratifications of the most brutal, slavish, and stupid of mankind? Was it not from

"Harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
 This universal sphere began;"—

and in Poetry the Most High delivered his Oracles to the Sons of Men? What are Isaiah, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Songs of Solomon, but incomparable specimens of the Divine Art? will not the Muses fly from the gloomy horizon of Modern Greece, to that country whose God and King delivers his Sacred Oracles in inimitable Poetry, and who condescended to give lessons to men on the Arts of Navigation and Architecture? Let Columbia, therefore, be henceforth the residence of the American Muses.

* See in Genesis instructions to Noah respecting the Ark; also to Moses respecting the building of the Tabernacle.

Which can deny : but to each Muse,
 What could th'am'rous Sire of Song refuse?
 Enough, CALLIOPE, was there,
 She who for him did ORPHEUS bear ;
 Respondent to the Muses lay,
 Replied the gorgeous God of Day :
 " Harmonious Nine ! celestial Maids !
 Since you desire to quit your ancient shades,
 PNEUS consents ; in recompense for this,
 Seeks from each lovely Muse a balmy
 kiss."

The blushing Maids bestow'd the balmy
 bliss,
 APOLLO ardent drank each nectar kiss.
 The fiery coursers' spring resounds the
 lash,
 And flames divine around the chariot
 flash!—
 Swift thro' the ether whirl'd the circling
 wheels,
 And soon the West Apollo's influence
 feels,
 And to the Muses' view COLUMBIA's vales
 reveals.
 The chariot stops amidst a flood of light,
 The Fair descended from the chariot bright ;
 They struck their golden harps—melt heaps
 of snow,
 And consecrated streams began to flow ;
 Fragrant myrtle-bow'rs to grow,
 Various balmy-flow'rs to blow,
 Inspirations streams to flow !
 Aspiring ALLEGANIES ! grace my song,
 To you superior strains belong ;
 Proudly in immortal verse
 Shall future bards your fame rehearse.
 The Virgin Nine, harmonious band,
 Have chos'n COLUMBIA's happy land ;
 The Maids have fix'd their seat on thee,
 On Mountains lov'd by Liberty !

MERLIN THE MINSTREL.

BY ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

High on a rock, beneath a green pine.
 Stood Merlin the Minstrel, of genius divine ;
 At its base, soft and clear, glides the Ches-
 peake's flood,
 Ah ! soon to be stain'd with the warriors' life,
 blood.
 At a distance extended North Point's fatal
 plain,
 Ah ! soon to be cover'd with hillocks of slain.
 His country's soldiers pass'd along,
 And Merlin rais'd his varying song :

The thunders sound, the loud drums beat,
 Hark ! a thousand trampling feet ;
 Bright, their arms are dazzling bright,
 Reflect in pride the Sun's red light,
 With standards streaming to the air,
 Our thousand warriors brave appear !
 What shall resist their patriot might ?
 Who shall contend with those in fight ?
 Delphos ! I hear thy god and king,
 In more than mortal accents sing :

" Britain's bewailing bards shall tell,
 On North Point, Ross and conquest fell !"
 A silver tear a sudden sadness speaks,
 It glistens on young Merlin's cheeks,
 It trembles on his lyre ;
 The trembling strings confess the spell,
 In sounds of sympathy they tell
 What damp't the minstrel's fire.

Alas ! before to-morrow's Sun,
 His destin'd course through heav'n has
 run ;
 How many widows' tears shall flow ?
 How many orphans weep with wo ?
 Oh, who shall wipe each trickling tear ?
 Give them back their kinsmen dear ?

Now from the fountains of the soul,
 Pour Merlin's tears without control,
 He leans against his tree ;
 Is't thus thy tears of anguish flow,
 True child of song, for others wo,
 Poor youth ! who weeps for thee ?

He starts ! a thought relieves his pain,
 His lyre resounds again ;
 " God shall wipe the widow's tear,
 And the tender orphan rear,
 In heav'n restore their kinsmen dear !"

Glory to the mighty dead !
 Honor makes the hero's bed !
 Nations shall revere the name,
 Minstrel's sing the deathless fame,
 Of those who in the passion hour
 Of battle, prove heroic pow'r !

What though maids and matron's weep,
 Can tears disturb their hallow'd sleep ?
 Are not all condemn'd to die,
 These who fight, and those who fly ?
 Guerdon laurels deck the bold,
 In song their triumphs shall be told.

Who would meanly to the grave
 Steal ? Who ? But some reluctant slave,
 Some merchant, miser, woman, child,
 Or patient wretch with crimes defil'd.
 Thunders tell the hero's death,
 Lightning's wing his parted breath !

Then march to war, to victory,
 Achieve your immortality,
 " Your country's cause"—enough, away !
 Gather your laurels on this day.

He sung—when, proudly sweeping by,
 He saw the British crosses fly,
 On mast of many a frigate born,
 And all the neighbouring coast was lorn ;
 He heard the vaunting Britons sing,
 " Columbia, bow to George the king ;
 Rule Britannia ! rule the waves,
 All opposers shall be slaves !"

Aside his lyre young Merlin threw,
 And from its sheath his falchion drew,
 Leap'd from the rock and mounts his steed,
 To North Point hasten'd—but to bleed ;
 He fell exulting, dying cried,
 Thus Cato's son for Freedom died !

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Enclosed you have a trifling effusion from the Muse of Rolla, which he trusts you will give a place in the Collegian. Anticipating the pleasure of occasionally having the warblings of his lyre gracefully hung in your pages, he subscribes himself, with respect,

Yours, &c.

ROLLA.

STANZAS.

There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the
breasts of the sad...*Ossian*.

Oh! yes, I have found 'midst the darkness of
grief,

A soft beaming, tender, and heavenly light,
Whose mellowing tinge throws a soothing relief,

O'er ev'ry pain'd feeling with thrilling delight.

Oh! yes, I have found, e'en when friendship's
soft smile

Had left the warm cheeks where it sportively
rov'd,

And those who, perhaps, had been warmest
awhile,

Too soon had forgot they e'er knew or e'er
lov'd,

That still there's a bosom which never grew
cold,

Though misfortune had thrown round her
heart-piercing chill,

And that eye as it silent and tenderly roll'd,
Seem'd to say from its soul it would truly
love still.

Then thanks to my God! tho' I'm suffering
here,

And oft disappointment will cloud the
bright sky;

Yet still there's a bosom—how tenderly dear!
To share all my woes, and return sigh for
sigh.

Brooklyn, February, 1819.

TO THE GIRL I LOVE.

Now rose the Moon in majesty serene,
And threw her silver beam across the woods,
And o'er the inland wave, that gaily smil'd
To see her brightning form. The stars re-
joic'd,

And quite forgetful of their twinkling rays;
Retir'd obeisant, as her lustre spread.

This was the solemn hour, by heav'n assign'd
To mortal Man, for contemplation deep,
And thought sublime. Awhile I gaz'd around,
And threw my rapid glance across the hills;
Mark'd how the clouds advanc'd; how the
mild sky

Increas'd in softer glories, as the Queen
Her car directed towards her highest noon.

Awhile, amid this tranquil solemn scene
My mind was chain'd, in pleasing wonders
lost;

But soon, as if from home, my wandering
thoughts

Return'd to contemplate that winning form,
Where all the mildness of Diana's orb,

Where all the softness of her silver ray,
Shines in concentr'd lustre, full in view,

By Fancy's magic glass. To thee, my love,
I bend the longing eye—I see thee fair,

I see thee sweet in youth, and beautiful
In Virtue's lovely garb. Affection lends
Her ready aid, and paints thee more than
fair,

Yielding in blushing smiles to faithful love.

As yonder Moon advances in her orb,
And throws augmented lustre o'er the world;
So may my *Anna*, as she grows in years,
Increase in all the charms, in all the bloom,
In all the attractive grace, that can adorn
Her lovely sex. The Moon's full radiant orb
Shall wane; the lustre of the azure sky
Fade into gloom, and Sol's bright blaze go
out:

But *moral beauty* shall survive the world,
And the blest ray that mild religion sheds
Shall always beam around the happy soul,
And be the sunshine of eternal bliss.

KIENDTWOHKE.

Columbia College.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Gilbert J. Hunt is publishing 10,000 copies of his *HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR*, written in the Oriental style. The rapid sale of the former editions of this interesting work sufficiently attest its merits.

Henry M. Brackenridge, Esq. of Baltimore, has promised a complete edition of his father's writings, revised and corrected. To which is prefixed, a Biographical Memoir of the Judge. The editor of this work is a native of Pittsburg, Penn. by profession a barrister. His *HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR, VIEWS OF LOUISIANA, TOUR IN THE MISSOURI TERRITORY*, demonstrate his ability as a writer. Though he was not educated at college, he is well acquainted with the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian languages.

Samuel Huestis proposes to publish by subscription, *THE INSTITUTES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION*, by John Calvin. Translated from the original Latin edition, and collated with the author's last edition in French, by John Allen. Preceded by *Memoirs of the life of Calvin*, by John Mackenzie. Recommended by the following clergymen: Milledoler, Romeyn, McLeod, Maclay, Williams, Bork, Mathews, Spring, Perrine, and Whelpley. In 32 numbers, quarto, 20 pages in each, at 25 cents per number.

